

## The Washington Times

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### The Name More Important Than the Thing

A Statement to Interest Young Men.

Writing of our energetic young friend, E. B. Merritt, Mr. Forbes in an editorial, "How to Build Up Your Business," starts off as follows:

The maker is bigger than what he makes. Success in business depends on reputation. It is more important to build up a reputation for a house or a corporation than for its products. If the public can be inspired with implicit faith in a concern, in its ability, its integrity, its ideals, its excellence, they will purchase unquestionably whatever goods that concern offers.

The name Tiffany would sell anything bearing its stamp. All a traveler needs to know about a hotel is that it is run by Statler. When Armour started making grape juice it sold not because Armour had a reputation for grape juice, but because the Armour trademark was accepted as a guarantee of meritorious products. The Pullman Company could doubtless start a successful furniture business simply because Pullmans have demonstrated that they can do things efficiently.

This short statement is even more important to young men without a reputation, than to the owners of the best names in commerce or finance.

An individual, a business, is always adding to or taking something away from the NAME VALUE.

There is no standing still. A name is going up or going down always.

To make a THING is comparatively easy, to make it well, once or twice, is not difficult.

But to make it, make it well, and keep on making it well year in and year out—that is a difficult thing, and that is the process that in the end CREATES A NAME.

To tell just how a name that will last for generations is created, would be difficult.

It is a mysterious, slow process, for the name is made up of days of work, years of straight thinking. You cannot say just when the building began, just when the name was really made.

A name is as mysterious in its making as one of the beautiful shells that you see washed up on the beach. It is extraordinary in form, with sharp points, wonderful circles, a lining of pearl and many colors.

It is hard to understand how some tiny creature, with no material to work on except the water around, started to build that shell, as it built itself.

The wise things that a man does will help to build the name that is more valuable than all the product of his factory.

And some of the things that are called "foolish" will help him also. For it is hard sometimes to distinguish foolishness and wisdom.

Pullman conductors used to complain that George F. Pullman, if he saw a toothpick lying on the carpet of one of his dining cars "would make as much fuss as though it were a saw-log."

Mr. Pullman was particular about everything, never satisfied with anything. That seemed foolishness to some of his associates. But that foolishness enabled him, in his lifetime, to monopolize the sleeping car business of the United States, in addition to creating that business.

Coutts, the great English banker, would allow no man to appear for work in his bank unless he wore a stovepipe hat, frock coat, and gray trousers. That might seem foolish, but apparently it had a soothing effect on the prosperous Briton. Coutts is still a great name.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," says the Bible.

It might be added that a good name BRINGS great riches, if great riches are what the man wants.

The right kind of name means that whatever happens you can start in again—for your chief asset is beyond reach, something that cannot be taken from you—except by your self.

These war times and especially "after the war" times that are coming will offer many opportunities for creative work, for building.

Fortunate the man who builds the name first and the rest second—his building will last.

### Is There Waste of Energy Here?

Yes, Waste and Loss Unnecessary.

This nation is about to call for money—a few billions. The money is in the country, otherwise the call would be foolish.

The money must be forthcoming and spent—otherwise this Government and others would go under—and that would be more expensive than the loan.

In view of the facts, how do these headlines impress you: ONE MILLION WORKERS FOR THE NEXT LOAN.

Nation-wide Advertising.

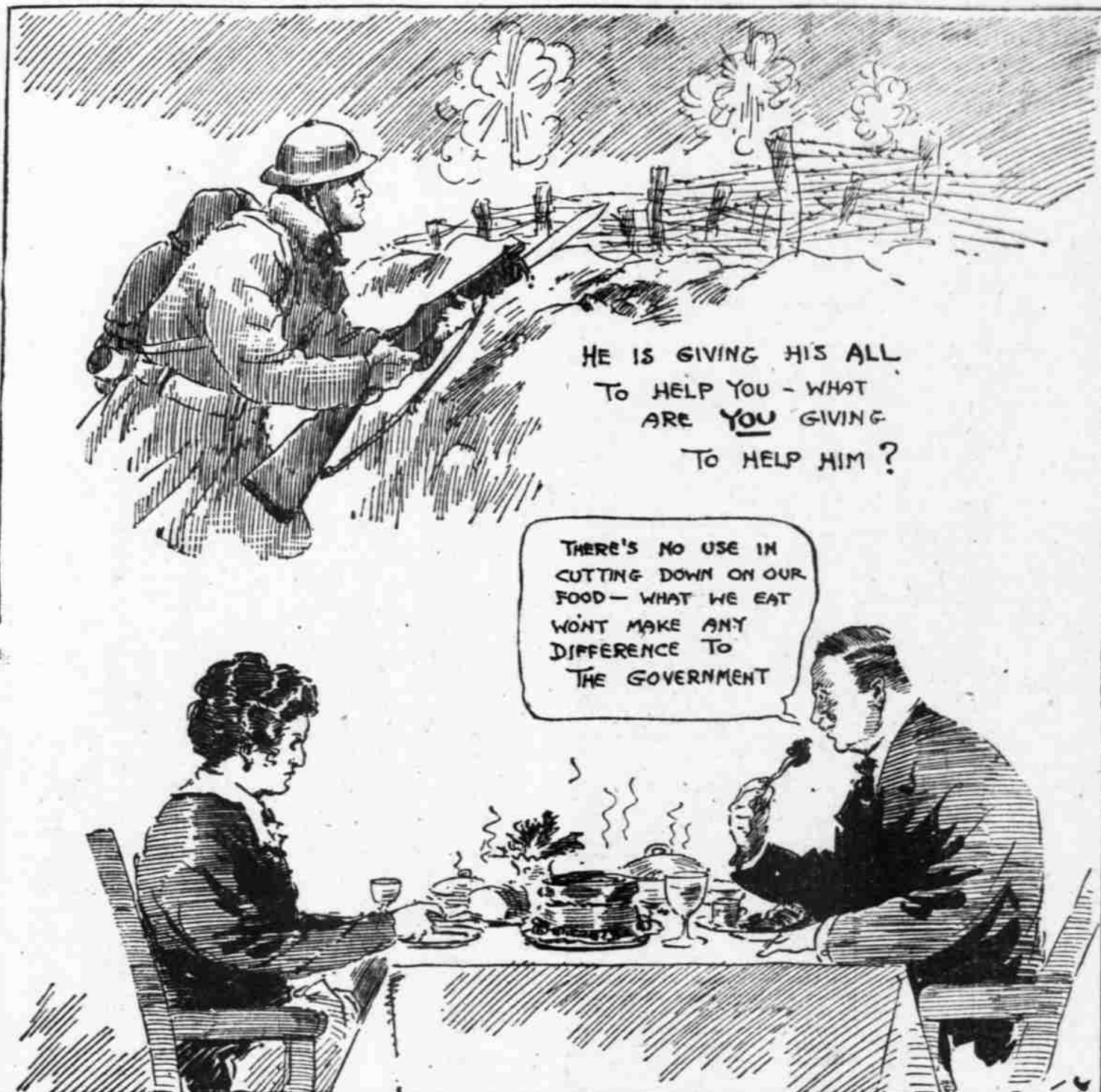
THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND SPEAKERS WILL DELIVER ADDRESSES DAILY DURING CAMPAIGN, BEGINNING APRIL 6.

Common sense, a sense of duty, and a little coercion, are alone necessary to attend to the business of national loans.

This newspaper has printed the very sound suggestion of

(Continued in Last Column.)

### Ask Yourself Every Day



### How To Keep a Man At Home

Beatrice Fairfax Discusses the Relative Influence of Food and Love When a Man Is Inclined To Wander.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A curious case occurred the other day in Chicago, and as the details recorded in the daily papers might be called: "Why men come back, after leaving home," the story will bear another telling.

It seems that a Mr. Franz used to board with a lady by the name of Mrs. Geraldine Cade, who was an excellent housekeeper. Her cooking was such that not once was Mr. Cade driven to tender retrospection concerning his mother's pies or coffee. The pies and coffee of Mrs. Cade were so excellent as to create new standards of their own.

The Old Reliable Route. Mrs. Cade was soon treading the old, reliable, well-worn foot-path to a man's heart—the stomach. And Mr. Franz was going the way of all men—he was falling deeply in love with his comfort. They became engaged, and everything seemed as happy as the final act of an anti-problem play: when something went wrong.

Perhaps Mr. Franz took a meal down town and contracted dyspepsia, perhaps he wanted to go to France and become a soldier, perhaps as the day approached, he got a plain case of church fright—the details are vague—what he did was to flee Mrs. Cade's house.

Mrs. Cade was a sensitive woman and feeling keenly the aspersions cast on her chicken à la king, Irish stew, and biscuit Tortoni, she sought heart balm to the tune of \$25,000.

He Took to "Eating Around." In the meantime, Nemesis caught up with Mr. Franz, who

had taken to "eating 'round lunch rooms." How different everything was, now a grimy busboy slammed down cutlery, and a waitress—with the piercing note of a calliope—called for: "beans and—." There was pie to be had, but the less said of that pie, the better—Mr. Franz began to realize how blessings brighten as they take their flight.

He called up Mrs. Cade's lawyer and he said he wanted to go home. He married the lady, and they are presumably enjoying those final chapters of romance, which in the fairy stories of childhood, are summed up in: "They lived happily ever after."

There is a whole library—several libraries, in fact—on the subject of domestic happiness bound up in this story from the daily news.

Where good meals abound, there the heart of man lingers. Something may drive him away, temporarily, but like the cat, he always comes back.

Taught to Keep House Well. In the face of this truism, why are not all girls—irrespective of position or prospects—taught to keep house well. If they can't be taught at home because their mothers unfortunately belong to the great school of delicateessen and "ready-to-serve" housekeepers, why can't schools of domestic economy be established in every town, city, and community of the United States?

I know some attempts in this direction have been made in the public schools, and it is well enough in its way, but it doesn't go far enough. Domestic science courses should include marketing

and a thorough knowledge of meat cuts, and how to get the best results from each, in the way of nourishment and flavor. But so many women are lambs—or rather sheep—led to slaughter, in the hands of the butcher.

Girls should be taught to market, systematically, and taught to buy everything—meat, fish, vegetables, and then keep cash accounts afterward. It is the telephone, and that fatal "line of least resistance," that is at the bottom of so much of "the high cost of living."

They Don't Know How to Save. The war has brought American women face to face with their shortcomings as housekeepers as nothing else could have done.

They want to save, but they don't know how. In the back part of their brains there has always been a little contempt for this quality, now they discover it to be a fine art.

For it is a fine art as understood by the French, that intelligence that gets a full value for every penny expended, and at the same time produced results, so excellent as never to suggest the sordid. American women—I am speaking of the traveled class—have always admired this quality in the French, but they have also felt that it was not for them to emulate. They were too busy with large affairs—which they were always a bit vague about, when pinned down for details.

Now with husbands, sons, and sweethearts "over there" they are confronted with a problem that finds them a little awfully and inept. I am not thinking of the

women on farms or in rural communities, but the city women who skims through her housekeeping and gives the finest flower of her energies to some philanthropic project away from home. For like the poor, we always have our Mrs. Jellyby's among us.

Deceptive If She Can't Make a Home. A woman who can't make a home has some vital ingredient lacking, she is as defective as if she were color-blind, tone-deaf, or like the heroine of that lovely parody on the Blessed Damsel who "had three fingers on one hand."

Home-making is far more necessary than much she acquires at school, doubtless she will be taught the name of the capital of Persia, and in the time of Caesar, "all Gaul was divided into three parts"—useful information, certainly, but hardly as valuable as how to make a cup of good coffee, or the best method of preparing a pot roast.

Appetizing pot roast and coffee indicate a home where useful citizens are trained to carry on the torch of civilization—and we can't have enough of them, these days—whereas the capital of Persia may change and all Gaul has been divided and subdivided many times, but has always come out on top, thank God!

Let the girls knit, by all means, and dance and play the piano, and study Greek if they want to, but do not neglect to teach them the difference between a rib and a chuck roast, and that the best way of cooking one would mean the destruction of the other.

### Government Salaries Are Too Low

Here is a Clerk Who Says That \$1,900 Today Is Less Than \$1,200 Eighteen Years Ago.

By EARL GODWIN.

There has come to me a letter from a Government clerk who entered the Government service eighteen years ago when he was thirty years old. The letter tells so plainly the story that some of the Congressmen do not understand, that I am going to reprint a few sentences from this bitter epistle. I wish that those members of Congress who believe the Washington VOTELESS Government clerk is living a life of ease would read this:

"Bread that cost 5 cents eighteen years ago costs 15 cents now; meat that cost 10 cents to 15 cents a pound then costs 30 to 40 cents now; sugar that cost 4 1/2 cents then costs 9 to 10 cents now; shoes that cost \$3.50 then cost \$7.50 now; clothes that cost \$25 then cost \$40 to \$50 now; everything that I buy has risen from 50 to 100 per cent in price, save only rent, and that is preparing to go up at least 10 per cent next fall. I was planning to get around the rent proposition by building or

buying a house of my own; but I stand a right corrupt chance of doing that now, with the price of lumber and labor gone high into the blue empyrean, do I not? You bet I do not.

"The consequence is that the \$1,900 for which I schemed and worked and prayed some fifteen years, plus the munificent \$120 that Congress has about concluded to give me, is of much less value to me than the \$1,200 that I was paid when I entered the service."

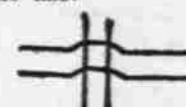
Members of the House who make speeches for the benefit of their constituents falsely charging that Washington Government employees are living in the lap of ease, and are slackers to boot, fail to recognize one BIG fact connected with Government service here.

Men go into this service when they are young; give their lives to it and after a decade or two are likely to be unfitted for work in private concerns where individual advancement is much easier. In other words, the VOTELESS Government clerks of Washington at present work for sub-starvation wages and without hope of big advancement as long as the good positions are distributed according to a man's politics. Some day members of Congress will be above playing politics with the VOTELESS clerks of Washington; some day those civil service reforms we have heard of since Grant was a cadet will be in operation; and some day the pay of clerks all along the line will be raised. That will be a better day than this, and I believe it's coming soon.

### HEARD AND SEEN

BILL SCHLOBOB wears one of the funniest little coats in the world, and he will not get mad if you tell him so.

At the place where the Seventh street cars cross the Pennsylvania avenue tracks there is a jerk in the Pennsylvania avenue tracks, something like this:



A correspondent named W. B. D. says that arrangement is a relic of the old cable car days (and that was YEARS ago). Now he wants to know what to call it.

"Thrust."

"Jerk."

"Slant."

"Heave."

### The Town Gossip on Daylight Saving

"Until the habits of the family have been strait-jacketed into the new formula, those who have cursed the Washington rooster for waking them in advance of THEIR idea of the proper time for arising will now give thanks that the neighborhood possesses such a clarion, and will no longer unduly enlarge the Police Department with complaints."

And while I have known him and his befuddled rivals to miss it on the midnight hour, when he peals out the getting-up time, his family knows it is getting the right dose and gets up and helps him. So he is a sure thing for waking you up, that rooster. If, however, you should be such a slacker as to turn over for one more, after he has done his duty, perhaps you may count on that old Cardinal who has been hoodluming during the cold season in the back garden, to whistle you up, after awhile.

The hands on the clock in front of the Kellogg building—what's become of them?

ARTHUR B. HEATON is having a little guttering and spouting done on his house this spring.

This town is getting to be quite metropolitan. JOHN J. FITZGERALD was at the opera Wednesday night.

Evergreens have been put around the edges of Montrose Park and I must say they don't improve the park any.

BILL HELM says that he ought to call the contraption at Fifteenth street and New York avenue "The Buck," because it is passed about as often as anything in the city.

On F street:

A young civilian of military age carrying a swagger stick!

### Is There Waste of Energy Here?

(Continued from First Column.)

Percival S. Hill, an able organizer, as to the sane way of raising money for the war.

Study the income tax returns, find where the money is AND GO AND GET IT.

Don't waste the time of a million workers, or the words and lung power of thirty-five thousand speakers, trying to persuade a poor man to spend what he can't afford, or a rich man to contribute five times his share.

Simply say to each man: "Your income is so and so. You can afford to buy so many of the bonds of your country. 'Here are the bonds. Give us the money. If you don't like it, lump it, BUT GIVE US THE MONEY.'"

Isn't that a simpler plan than having a million workers, and thirty-five thousand speakers, tiring themselves out and boring the community?

Wouldn't it be better for the million workers to be weeding gardens—onions are very hard to weed—or planting potatoes, or doing something PRODUCTIVE?

When the country wants coal or steel it says to the coal or steel man: "Come here with what I want."

The country knows where the steel, and coal, the wheat, etc., are, knows who has the ships. And ships, coal, wheat are taken if needed.

The income tax report tells exactly where the money is, who has it, what each man's income is.

The income is figured for income tax purposes, after deducting taxes, interest, and other charges.

The balance is free income. Why not notify each man with each new bond issue: "Your share is so much, it will come to you by registered mail, please remit."

### Another Big Drive Coming

By T. E. Powers

